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A Great French Review

LA REVUE DES DEUX MONDES

IT IS NOT chauvinism to say that among all the reviews published outside of France none can quite compare with the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. I do not mean here and now, in absolute literary and intellectual value. A contention might well be made in favor of the proposition, but it would hardly convince others than Frenchmen, and even among Frenchmen not a few might affirm that either the *Nouvelle Revue* or *La Revue de Paris* now better represents French literature in its most national form. But no one Italian, German, English or American periodical has for sixty-five years so fully represented the best literary work of those nations as has the *Revue* of France. We instinctively ask ourselves, whenever we come upon a large and successful institution, whether intellectual, manufacturing or commercial, who built it up. And whilst it is generally true that many minds, hearts and hands have contributed to create the present largeness of resources and products, yet in most instances one mind, one heart, one will, dominates the whole and chiefly deserves credit for success achieved. There are few instances of this law more striking than the history of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It will, then, not be a useless digression to devote a few words to a brief recital of Buloz's relations to the great periodical.

François Buloz was born in Savoy in 1804. He studied at Louis le Grand in Paris. After graduation he went for a time to the Sologne, but soon returned to Paris. There he worked for a while in a printing-office, devoting his evenings to the writing of articles of travel, and translating into French Parish's Chemistry. In 1831, together with M. Auffray, a college mate, he became proprietor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a periodical started in 1829, whose name had been changed to *Journal des Voyages*. From 1831 to the present day, this publication, under its original name, has appeared with perfect regularity, and for nearly half a century has been the leading literary magazine of France, not to say of the world. When Buloz assumed control, the *Revue* had 350 paying subscribers. He was to be paid 1200 francs (\$240) a year for his services, and to have in addition a bonus of forty cents per subscriber. At this time the great English reviews were already in the zenith of their prosperous career, and to some extent they furnished Buloz models to imitate. But the points of difference were far more numerous than those of resemblance. The English reviews appeared four times a year: French readers would hardly brook such long lapses of silence. They were pronouncedly partisan in their politics, and consequently appealed each to a limited circle of readers. The *Revue*, whilst firmly representative of what Buloz considered the wise policy, both internal and external, for France to follow, must not be partisan, but appeal to all enlightened and patriotic Frenchmen. The English reviews seldom contained articles of a lighter vein; poetry or fiction had scarcely any place in their pages, except as subjects for criticism. The *Revue* was to be more broadly literary than they, and welcome the work of poets and novelists as well as of critics, politico-economists, historians, scientists and statesmen. It must also in each number—and from the first it was a fortnightly—have careful reviews of the movements of the half month in letters, arts, politics and finance. *Blackwood's Magazine*, rather than the reviews, was undoubtedly a model for Buloz.

He had very peculiar qualifications to be the editor and manager of such an ideal periodical. First, he was not a noted writer. He had no fetish of his own, or of others, to worship, and therefore gave little hold to personal criticism. He was an educated man, but above all a man of practical

sense and almost infallible sagacity. His honesty was absolutely above suspicion, his firmness adamant, his self-possession almost always perfect, and his faith in the idea of the *Revue* and the principles which it was to uphold, and which were to control it, sincere and unswerving. Add to this an almost unerring logical and rhetorical sense, tact, taste, instinct—call it by what name you please,—an unsurpassed power of sustained application and an equal simplicity of personal habits, and you have, I think, a very remarkable and adequate equipment for this task. Within two years he had secured as contributors Alfred de Vigny, Alexandre Dumas, Balzac (who soon quarrelled with him and left the *Revue*), Ch. Nodier, Hugo, Musset (whose works the *Revue* regularly published), Prosper Mérimée, Jouffroy, the philosopher, Augustin Thierry, Sainte-Beuve, Gustave Planche. We have said that the *Revue* did not represent any political party; it belonged to no clique of any sort. Sainte-Beuve could truly say:—"There are in our day a certain number of studious and intelligent minds who, after having passed through various phases, have the presentiment of a new order, but do not think that it is within the scope of any one formula to bring it about. These minds have a part to play in the common effort." Remember that the resurrection of the *Revue* under Buloz followed closely upon the Revolution of 1830, and coincided with the wonderful outburst of talent and genius that made the decades from 1830 to 1850 so remarkable. It took the *Revue* ten years to conquer reputation—fame were perhaps too strong a word. But at the end of that time it counted among its contributors, besides the names already given, Victor Cousin, Michel Chevalier, A. Vitet, and even Thiers once or twice.

M. BULOZ AS AN EDITOR

The pains taken by Buloz to insure the success of the *Revue* by making it worthy of success—the surest means; after all—are almost incredible. All the proofs of each number were read by him at least twice; and this reading was not only close, but critical. It is both sad and somewhat comical to find him in his old age complaining that neither the paper nor the typography were what they were wont to be. He considered himself as fairly representing the public, and judged by the effect of an article on himself of its effect on the mass of readers; and he insisted on changes that he deemed needful. His memory was prodigious. All that had appeared in the *Revue* he seems to have been able to recall with minute distinctness. Charles de Mazade, one of the co editors, tells about this an interesting story. A man widely known in the political world sent to Buloz an article on a historical subject. Buloz thought he recognized in parts of it an essay that Labitte had written some months or years before. Referring to the files of the *Revue*, he found his impression well founded, and, writing to the statesman, told him why his article could not appear. His letter is a model of frankness and courtesy. This close oversight had a wonderful effect on the publication, but it often led to sharp discussions between Buloz and his contributors. Some refused to submit to it and left the *Revue*; most accepted it more or less grudgingly, and found themselves certainly not the losers, even in a literary sense. He never yielded: he was an intelligent autocrat, but as absolute as intelligent.

Yet he was never narrow. A single glance at the names of his contributors, so different in their views on most important subjects, as well as in their modes of treatment and their style, is sufficient to prove this. Still, it were a mistake to think that the *Revue* was open to all opinions. Such as seemed dangerous to social order and good government he did not admit, and he refused to publish George Sand's

ultra radical utterances, though she had become one of his most valued contributors. He allowed the freest criticism of articles that appeared in the *Revue*, and to this owed his quarrel with Balzac. Sainte-Beuve had subjected some of Balzac's writings to a very keen analysis. The great novelist objected and, unable to convince Buloz, withdrew from the *Revue*. One of Buloz's most cordial affections was for Thiers. He more than once tried to secure contributions from his pen, and the great minister promised again and again, meaning to keep his promise, but was hindered by other labors. In one of his letters to Buloz occurs this interesting acknowledgment:—"Je vous dirai qu'avec un goût tous les jours plus vif pour la grande politique, j'en ai tous les jours un moindre pour la petite, et j'appelle la petite politique celle qu'on fait chaque jour pour la circonstance." Buloz's admiration for Thiers was sincere and lasting, and the *Revue* stood, in the main, by the side of the great man against his distinguished rival and adversary, Guizot.

A GRADUAL GROWTH

Meanwhile the periodical had slowly been increasing its circulation. In 1834 it was 1000, in 1846, 2500. In that year was organized a company for its publication, of which Molé, Broglie, d'Haussonville and Rothschild were members; it exists to this day. Buloz, it goes without saying, remained general manager and editor. The Revolution of 1848 proved a great opportunity for the *Revue*. It fought on behalf of liberalism, but staunchly opposed excesses of all sorts, especially in the line of state socialism. For three years, beginning with the winter preceding the Revolution, it held its position against all foes and regained many of its old friends, who had been carried away by the excitement and alluring promises of the hour. At the same time Buloz was leading a campaign against the literary piracy from which French writers and publishers suffered so much, and had the satisfaction of laying a solid foundation for the protection of authors' rights. He also added an annual (*annuaire*) to the *Revue*, which, at the close of 1851, had 5000 subscribers. After the Coup d'État of 1851, the *Revue* assumed an attitude of calm protest. It never accepted Napoleonism; but, understanding that silence was the only practicable course, eloquently protested by what it failed to insert in its columns. Yet, whenever the honor of the nation or the progress of civilization was clearly at stake, it never hesitated to support France in the person of her chief, as, for example, in the Crimean war and the campaign in Italy in 1859. The Government, naturally enough, was not satisfied with this attitude, and, not daring to suspend the *Revue*, endeavored by promises, bribes or threats to seduce from their allegiance to it many of its prominent writers. The struggle was at times so intense that Buloz more than once considered the question of removing the periodical to a foreign country.

Yet it must be said that one thing disturbed and discouraged him far more than the latent or open hostility of the Government, and that was the evidence of a lowering of the intellectual and moral level of France. Oh! those eighteen years of the Third Empire! None but Frenchmen can feel what havoc they wrought in the nation. When the Franco-Prussian war came, and the terrible disaster of Sedan, Buloz, already a very sick man, went to Paris from Savoy, where he had been resting, to be in constant touch with his review and with the nation. All criticism was now out of the question. The periodical devoted itself to helping on the work of National Defense, and, when the end of the war came, to the work of reconstruction and revival. The outbreak of the Commune found the directors and contributors scattered all over France; Buloz and Mazade were at Versailles. Happily Mme. Buloz was in Paris, and during those terrible days she was the head and heart of the great periodical. The Commune, it will be readily understood, hated the *Revue* for its frank expressions concerning the madness and wickedness of its venture, and, after long hesitancy, finally

concluded (on May 16) to suspend its publication on account of an article in the number of 15 May 1871. But the Commune itself was at that time already doomed. Before the next issue, the Versailles troops had entered Paris, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* appeared on June 1, having suffered no interruption in the Terrible Year.

Buloz died in 1877. In 1869 he had lost his son Louis, whom he had destined as his successor. His second son, Charles, succeeded him and is now proprietor of the *Revue*, which has since been going on prosperously. I have not been able to find very late statistics of its circulation, but think that I am not very far out of the way when I state that it now [1894] circulates about 25,000 copies. To be sure, *The Century*, *Harper's* and *Scribner's* far outstrip the *Revue* in the number of their readers, but if we remember that the cost of the *Revue* in France is fifty francs in Paris, and fifty-six in the provinces, and that outside of France it costs sixty-two, the circulation is certainly respectable. It pays the stockholders handsomely, and its contributors are fairly rewarded for their pains—25 to 50 francs per page for occasional writers, and 50 to 75 for members of the staff is large pay in France, and would be held fair anywhere—\$5 to \$10 a page for the first, \$10 to \$15 for the second. The average full page of the *Revue* contains about 500 words; that of *The Atlantic Monthly* about 700, of *The Century* 950, of *Harper's* 825. A serial story running through five numbers, twelve full pages per number, would fetch the author, if not of the staff, from \$300 to \$600, if on the staff, from \$600 to \$900. I take these figures as to the pay from a very reliable source, but must acknowledge that they seem to me excessive.

HOW THE REVIEW IS MADE UP

The *Revue* follows a definite plan in all its issues. The proportions may be changed—this is indeed unavoidable—but the make-up is pretty uniform. Each number contains at least one story, or an instalment of a serial novel; one or two historical articles; one or more geographical (either travels or close studies); one political, sociological or politico economical article; one literary study; occasionally, but not regularly, an essay on some art question; very infrequently poetry, and occasionally a short polemical article on international politics and policies. Besides this, constantly, the "Chronique de la Quinzaine," reviewing politics and literature, and a financial article.

It is worth noting that the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has long devoted considerable space to the discussion of American authors and books. Thus it has printed articles on Emerson (three papers by Montégut), Longfellow, Hawthorne (four papers), Irving, Poe, George Ticknor, Margaret Fuller, Mrs. Stowe, Holmes, Aldrich, Eggleston, Whitman, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Howells, Henry James, F. Marion Crawford, G. W. Cable, W. H. Bishop, Mrs. Burnett and Amélie Rives; and has given translations from Hawthorne, Henry James, Eggleston, Cable, Bret Harte, Aldrich and Richard Harding Davis.

Does the *Revue des Deux Mondes* truly and adequately represent French letters? The question really answers itself. No one publication can stand as the sufficient organ of the literature of a great nation. However frequent its appearance, however hospitable its columns, it can at best welcome but a small part of the valuable work done; and in the selection which it is obliged to practice, it must be guided by principles that absolutely make it to some extent partisan. The conservative element will tend to keep out the radical, if the *Revue* is at all conservative; if it is a progressive, still more if it is a radical, organ, it will give but scant place to conservative writers. The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, as we have already said, has been, on the whole, conservative—by no means reactionary, but just as far from being radical. In art, in politics, on social questions as well as in literature, it avoids extremes, and quite naturally seems slow to the very fast, and dangerously progressive to the reactionary party.

Recently, in a feuilleton of the *Petit Journal*, a character is made to give as an excuse for falling asleep at his club that he had recklessly taken up a number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in order to while away the time.

The list of contributors from the beginning shows the hospitable spirit of the publication. It shows, also, its national as distinguished from local or partisan character. But most clearly of all to anyone at all acquainted with the history of literature in France, it shows that, until recently, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was to an extraordinary degree the organ of the best French thought and the truest French culture. Yet the absence of certain names shows that it never stood for all France; that there have been currents with which it would not or could not mingle, tendencies and schools it has never welcomed, whole evolutions from which it has stood resolutely aloof. Flaubert, Dumas, *fils*, Alphonse Daudet, Zola, not to mention many others, have never written for it. Some have refused, though asked to do so; others, we may be quite certain, have never been asked. So keenly has this been felt, that numerous attempts have been made to start rival reviews—most of them, of course, quite unsuccessful, more than one fairly successful. The *Nouvelle Revue*, started some fifteen years ago by Mme. Adam, and the *Revue de Paris* (an old name, this, though a new venture under it) are attempts to answer the demand for a freer, more liberal, more democratic organ. We Americans, who believe in free competition—unless it be of an international kind,—are bound to think that the result must be good for the noble old Review. I have no means of learning what the stockholders and managers think.

LOUIS POLLENS.

Literature

"The Puritan in England and New England"

By Ezra Hoyt Byington, D.D. Roberts Bros.

THIS BOOK marks, in a certain sense, an epoch in the study of the English and the American Puritans. It shows that the age of rhapsody and unmeasured panegyric of the New England Puritans, who were supposed to be the sole founders of the United States, is passed. The age of criticism, or, rather, of true critical appreciation, has come. Here is a Puritan of the Puritans himself, who writes about his ancestors, both Pilgrims and Puritans, with judicial coolness, with eyes opened to perspective and shadows as well as to the lights in the foreground. There is a deliciously cool atmosphere throughout this book—in some of the chapters even an undertone of apology. On the whole, we consider it, as it stands on our shelf full of works devoted to the subject, the best for one who wishes reality rather than either fervid and favorable sentiment or hostile prejudice. This is far from saying that the author has exhausted the subject. He does not pretend to go into the origins of that wonderfully complex force—the result of many forces—English Puritanism. It is also very evident that he has not analyzed that other, previous resultant of many forces, Anabaptism. The statement made in Hooker's sermon, for instance, that "the foundation of authority lies in the free consent of the people" (p. 169), is but an echo of the principles held by those men of the sixteenth century, who, on first getting the Bible in their vernacular, discovered the secrets of government and the future.

However, Dr. Byington gives a luminous account of the Puritan in England, and in his second chapter contrasts with strict impartiality "The Pilgrim and the Puritan." In the third chapter, on the "Early Ministers of New England," we have, probably for the first time in an easily accessible book, a fair and full account of William Pynchon of Springfield, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the book. Other chapters treat of the social and family life of the Puritan, to whom the creation of the home is credited. In setting forth the religious opinions of the fathers of New England, Dr. Byington shows us the development from high (or pure?) Calvinism to the

theology of Andover and New Haven. The period of transition in the second century, and the religious life in northern New England, are made plain in two concluding chapters, in which the differences between the older and the new churches are thoroughly brought out. A little more study of the actual population of England in the time of the Tudors and Stewarts would have made some points clearer, and some of the statements in regard to Holland and the Pilgrims and Puritans there need, we think, revision, as, for example, the suggestion (p. 102) that the number of all the Pilgrims (Separatists) in Holland when the Mayflower sailed from America was not much more than 300. This was, indeed, the size of Robinson's congregation, but the probabilities are that there were many more English persons in Holland who believed in the separation of Church and State and in the government of the local church by the congregation of believers only.

The book, which ripened to mellowness in the sunshine of scholarly leisure and of a broad and philosophic mind, is perfectly arranged. The style is clear, the divisions and subdivisions are truly helpful, and there are abundant notes and references, an index and a very full table-of-contents. The proof-reading has been done with evident care, but, beside the errata indicated on the little slip inserted after Dr. Alexander McKenzie's introduction, we note two others: Douglas should have but one *s*, and the first schoolmaster of Boston, who, if his name suggest anything, was a Netherlander or Walloon, Philemon Purmort, is here set before us as Parment (p. 249). Throughout the work Dr. Byington gives no sentimental preference to the Pilgrim over the Puritan, but brings rigidly to historic tests every sentiment and notion, so as to award to each his due meed of credit or discredit. Yet, unless we mistake the tone and conclusions of the book, we may say that the American people, who every year are being more strongly consolidated into a true nation, are more and more shedding Puritan ideals, while valuing, holding to and expanding Pilgrim ideals.

"Black Diamonds"

By Maurus Jókai. Translated by Frances A. Gerard. Harper & Bros.

ANOTHER VOLUME of romance, untainted by any obnoxious innuendoes, proves that there are still authors who can write books that hold the reader spellbound from beginning to end, without resorting to any of the oblique arts of rancid realism or æsthetic lunacy. "Black Diamonds" is a book uncommonly full of good things—things humorous, quaint, pathetic, ludicrous or otherwise delectable. It is hard to tell in whose company the reader finds the most entertainment; for the priests, heroes, heroines and cap-and-bell characters are all people of infinite jest and variety. Especially diverting is the countess Theudelinde, who has wasted a life of usefulness in the vain endeavor to find a masculine reality corresponding to the following ideal of her fond imaginings:—"He should be tender, faithful, no wine-drinker, no smoker; a man with a smooth face, a pure soul, a sweet-sounding voice; a gifted, sympathetic, patient, amiable, soft, romantic, domestic, pious man; prudent, scientific, literary, distinguished, well-born, much respected, covered with orders, rich, loyal, brave, and titled. Such a *rara avis* was impossible to find. Countess Theudelinde spent the best days of her life seeking a portrait to fit the frame she had made; but she sought in vain; there was no husband for her."

Another decidedly original paragraph is the one which describes the miners' custom of tattooing their sweethearts' names on their bodies.

"There is a certain tenderness in it," writes Jókai, "and tenderness is more often found with the savage than with the civilized man. The lovers tattoo themselves with a needle; upon the arm or shoulder, and then rub in a corrosive acid either red or blue. Such a testimony is ineffaceable. Sometimes some poetic temperament adds two hearts transfixed by an arrow, or a couple of doves, or it may be the signs of the miner—the mallet and the pick. It occasionally happens that the relations alter and the lover

would gladly remove the name of the fickle one from his album. This can be done by placing a blister over the name, and then the writing vanishes, together with the skin; a new skin grows, and upon this a new name can be written. It is a real palimpsest. Many are not so discreet. They punctuate a fresh name under the old one, and let the register increase, until sometimes there is not a vacant place."

Perhaps the best thing in the whole book is the grand struggle and triumphant victory of the hero, Ivan, who is as fine a character as one will meet in many a long reader's night. This character is particularly comforting if one has just come from the reading of some Russian or French romance, where inevitable idiocy and carnal capitulation are the watchwords of the pseudo heroes and heroines. The characters of Maurus Jókai's book have a bracing air of northern virtue about them that makes them healthy company. Added to these desirable qualities, they are never prosy; and they live on the edge of dangerous mining grounds, where they are in constant danger of being blown up. This perishable element in their attractiveness casts over them all a mellow halo of mortality in which one finds a sad, new beauty, like that which exhales from the paling petals of a blossom whose death is near.

Daudet in Paris

1. *Recollections of a Literary Man. 2. Thirty Years of Paris.* By Alphonse Daudet. Transl. by Laura Ensor. New editions. Macmillan Co.

FROM THE PAGES of these charmingly illustrated volumes looks forth a mobile, impressionable, vivid face, all alive with animation of a peculiarly French kind—a face that fairly gesticulates, so full is it of sensitive wrinkles and beaming intelligence. Of French women Thackeray said that their very eyes spoke idiom; Daudet's speak Parisian, and what that is, let anyone see in Villatte's little book called "Parisismen." This doughty German has extracted from Paris life and literature an essence possessing a most piquant and imposing flavor of its own, the *mille fleurs* of the wonderful garden where grow Murger and Zola and Verlaine and Hérédia and a hundred other tropic wonders of the intellect and heart. Daudet, the ardent, eloquent Southerner, creator of Tartarin, the Nabob and Numa Roumestan, has lived thirty years in this humid, noxious hot-house, and is saturated to the core with its wan, passionate languors and longings. Forever yearning for his dear *Midi*, he has never had the courage to cut the coils that bind him to the Seine and go and dwell among his Provençal roses and windmills and hyperboles. His own sunny nature supplies brightness enough, and he clings to grey, rainy, muggy boulevards and *banlieues* when he might be basking in the blue sunshine of Mediterranean France, among the lizards of the old ruins of Nîmes and Arles, and among the pink and purple Indian figs of Tarascon and Gascony. Out of this wilful expatriation he has wrought wonders of romance and description, of satire and reminiscence. His southern compatriots complain bitterly of the way he has treated them, satirizing their exaggerations, their open-heartedness, their loud voices, quick tempers and fiery blood; but Daudet has gone on with infinite story-spinning, making a fortune out of his beautiful South, and, unfortunately, with all his love for it, riveting attention upon its faults.

The two volumes before us, in familiar translations, are autobiographic in nature and egotistic in style, but the egotism is artistic, and seldom affronts the reader. Daudet went to Paris when he was only sixteen and inhabited a garret with Ernest, his elder brother. He gives a sufficiently amusing account of his Bohemian adventures in the "Sainte Bohème" of Murger, when his first dress-coat did service night and day and introduced him to the fantastic *salons* of the literary blue-stockings of the early Empire. With graceful garrulity and never a shade of ribaldry, he runs over his recollections of Émile Ollivier, "the young tribune black as a raven," of Gambetta, "deafening all the cafés of the Quartier Latin

with his stentorian loquacity," of the kings in exile whom he afterwards turned into a delightful novel, of the Goncourts "in their study, odorous with the enchanting smell of old books," of Déjazet, Félix and Lafontaine, the actors. Only amiable reminiscences flow from this pen, which is a true fountain of perpetual youth, gay, bubbling, effervescent, southern in its grace and fulness, and in its terror, too. A Dickens-like minuteness of delineation fills every page with piquant or saucy detail—here an anecdote, there a repartee, some rejuvenated *salon* touched with the light of a sprightly imagination, some forgotten wit or worthy glowing again with the epigrams of the Restoration. One delightful feature of both volumes is the history they give of the author's own now celebrated novels—"Jack," "Kings in Exile," "Numa Roumestan" and "Tartarin de Tarascon." The immense, almost theatrical success of these works attests his popularity and the infinite pains he took in writing them. A rather painful impression is left by the final paper on Tourguéneff, in "Thirty Years of Paris." They were intimate friends—until Tourguéneff's posthumous journal was printed, when, after years of dining and wining together, of closest comradeship at club and *salon*, Daudet sadly discovered that Tourguéneff had always despised him! Among the most amusing chapters of these books, which often recall Mr. Howells's "Literary Passions," are those on Villemessant, the founder of the *Figaro*, "My Drummer," Henri Monnier and Henri Rochefort. Each abounds with vivid and pathetic word-painting, bringing before us in lucid French all that we need to make a picture perfect. No wonder Daudet was a favorite of the Empress: he is a rare and delicate *genre*-painter full of the felicities of his art.

"The Cavaliers"

By S. R. Keightley. Harper & Bros.

THE MOST exacting taste for intrigue and adventure, battle, murder and sudden death will find enough in this historical romance to satisfy it. So bewildering a round of plots and counter-plots has not been exposed for many days, and the wonder is that anyone is left alive upon the scene of action at the final round-up. It is a confused and whirling mass of adventure, and danger follows danger with such swiftness that it is difficult to extricate the incidents from one another. The period treated has all the elements for dramatic situations, and the contrast between Cavalier and Puritan should have been eminently picturesque. But little is made of this opportunity. The plot might have grown out of any other rebellion; it is affected but little by the peculiarities of this one. And yet the book is most interesting where it comes nearest to reflecting the conditions of the time. The single scene in which Cromwell appears, stands out from the rest as though it were the work of another hand. It is much the finest thing in the book, the most dramatic and convincing. Here the author seems to have a distinct and simple purpose, and the character of the Puritan Captain emerges vividly from the surrounding obscurity. But even here there is one weak point, for it is hardly probable that Cromwell would have given a foe an unlimited pass through the lines. The plot has many such vulnerable points, and it is a rambling plot, which starts from nowhere and ends in the air. It might be cut off as well after anyone of the hero's escapes as after the little love-scene which forms the unsatisfactory conclusion. The sentiment which is the final word—"But love is all in all,"—is a strange climax for a book which contradicts it in every chapter. Its contrast with the "Prisoner of Zenda's," "If love were all," makes one realize what an artist Anthony Hope was in apparently subordinating that passion. While he makes it in reality permeate his book, yet crushes it in the end, Mr. Keightley really subordinates it throughout his action and then forces it into sudden and unnatural prominence.

The book is disappointing, too, in that we are led to expect some glimpse of the great issues involved in the struggle, and some suggestion of the final tragedy. The author never succeeds in making his imaginary figures as interesting as the real ones, and it is always the latter whose fortunes we wish to follow. The hero is an abstraction, a puppet in the hands of his creator, who endows him with many qualities that we are certain he did not possess. He goes through the book performing wonderful feats of daring and outgeneraling many intriguers of greater experience and ability

than himself. That such a foolish young fellow as he was at times should be sent by the King on an important mission, should foil innumerable plots against himself, and should read the secret thoughts of so astute a diplomatist as Cardinal Mazarin, taxes our credulity too far. Nevertheless, it is a lively tale, and the reader who complains of prolixity and a lack of construction cannot complain of a dearth of adventure.

The Works of Friedrich Nietzsche

Vol. VIII. *Thus Spake Zarathustra: A Book for All and None.* Transl. by Alexander Tille. Macmillan Co.

UNLESS YOU HAVE the key to Nietzsche's mind, you will in despair and tedium throw down this book. Its form is more darkly enigmatic than that of the cabalistic book "Zohar." Like the "Vision of Piers Plowman," this book of Nietzsche's rails against the existent order of things everywhere and at all times. Nietzsche hated socialism as he did Christianity. He abominated apostles of peace and of humaneness. Again and again he fairly labors to utter adequately his scorn for those who are pitiful. "There is an old illusion, called good and evil. Round fortune-tellers and astrologers, hitherto the wheel of that illusion has turned." "Thou shalt not rob!" "Thou shalt not commit manslaughter!" such words were once called holy. Such are the dithyrambic ravings of this prophet of anarchy. Yet, after all, is not he right? If there be discovered in this world only a mould that has come upon the surface of a cooling, dead and rotting planet; if men are naught but combinations of the carbonates; if biology reveals beyond all contradiction only the will-to-live, only self-preservation and the struggle for the survival of self; if Darwinism may not be modified by Weismannism, then Nietzsche is the prophet of the age, and "Thus Spake Zarathustra" may be received as a new revelation, not from heaven—for then there is none,—but from hell, for that alone exists, mitigated by foolish dreams of God, goodness and an everlasting survival of some human mentalities.

Mr. Tille thinks that this is the greatest work of Nietzsche. Its allegorical form reminds the reader of the "Tripitaka," the sacred book of the Buddhist teachings. The Zarathustra of this work is in no sense historical. Nietzsche is bold, defiant, reckless. His individuality he attempted to render unique, and yet he was an exponent, of his time. In him the free religious, individualistic and utilitarian movements found embodiment, found what is probably nearly their ultimate expression. Although the writer began this book in 1883, its publication did not take place till July 1892, after his mind had entirely given way. There is one thing that will be missed in this translation, admirable as it is, and that is the wealth of literary allusion with which Nietzsche gilded his pages. In the original, the perfection of the literary form of this work is superior to all else that Nietzsche has written. Nevertheless, its blasphemy and avowed immorality will prevent it from having a large number of readers. In addition to this, its allegorical form is so obscure as to make the understanding of the work an arduous business.

"The Story of the Hutchinsons"

By John Wallace Hutchinson. 2 vols. Illus. Lee & Shepard.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY is a genuine product of America, a "Yankee notion" of infinite value. Nothing more characteristic of our soil and national life has appeared than this mighty tribe of singers, who for over half a century have been singing the genuine American folk-songs. The Negroes of the South have developed an indigenous music and made an astonishing repertoire of original song-poetry; but the Hutchinsons, while not geniuses in musical composition, nor great poets, were the interpreters of great moral ideas in song. They were prophets of a new era, who in music proclaimed the truth which no fire of opposition could reduce to ashes. Those of us who were born on the other side of the semi-century line have lively memories of the days when the Hutchinsons went around the country, singing not only about emancipation and "the old Granite State," "I am a Pilgrim and I am a Stranger," about the merits of cold water and the glories of temperance, but also of manhood under the black skin and "the pangs of reformation" that would mean the death of slavery and the new life of freedom for millions. Now, in the evening of his days, the white-bearded, white-haired patriarch tells the story of his crusades in song for temperance and freedom. It was in 1839 that the three brothers, Asa, John and Judson, began to sing together in public. Their first ventures were not very remunerative, but, with advice from Dr. Lowell Mason, help from the abolitionists, reinforcement from Frederick Douglas, cheer and

equipment of poetry from John G. Whittier, they gradually conquered success on both sides of the ocean. The coming on of the war and the slavery agitation gave them a new world to conquer. After the war, they kept up the temperance work in song, and interpreted the new growth on American soil of folk-song, waking even the echoes of the Sierras and the Golden Gate.

Frederick Douglas contributes his portrait and an introduction; and Mr. Charles E. Mann has compiled and edited the book, which is indexed and contains poems written in honor of the seventieth birthday of its author. The text is spicy, full of amusing and pathetic anecdotes which show the great men of the past generation in varied lights, and illustrated with portraits of three generations of Hutchinsons. The book may be set down as a genuine addition to the material which the future historian of the last half of this century must take into account.

"The Army of the United States"

Edited by Theo. F. Rodenbough, Bvt. Brigadier-General, U. S. A., and William L. Haskin, Major First Artillery. Maynard, Merrill & Co.

ABOUT SEVEN YEARS AGO, the publication committee of the Military Service Institution sent a circular to each chief of staff, corps and regimental commander in the Army, inviting his cooperation in an attempt to secure a record of the varied services of the regular Army in war and peace. The scheme contemplated the publication, in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*, of a series of historical sketches of the regiments, staff corps and staff departments of the Army, and the subsequent republication of these records in a single volume. Each sketch was to be limited to about 6500 words, and was to contain a brief account of the origin of the organization, the dates of important events, list of battles, names of commanding officers, together with particular mention of brilliant actions, distinguished individuals, and especially of publications where such records may be found more fully detailed. The proposed scheme met with immediate favor, the staff and regimental historians were selected and went to work, and the final result is a handsome volume, interesting in itself and invaluable as a work of reference to all who are connected with the Army or specially interested therein.

In an appropriate introduction, the Commanding General of the Army commends the effort to provide an authentic and condensed account of its services, from the creation of our military establishment to the present day. Capt. Charles King, the soldier-author, contributes an excellent article on "Esprit de Corps," emphasizing the importance of its cultivation and characterizing as an inspiration the conception of the idea of such a work as this. Then follow in proper order the historical sketches of the ten staff corps and departments and of the forty regiments of the line. A number of these fifty organizations trace their origin to the Revolutionary epoch, while others have come into existence at various times when more troops were needed for a special purpose, and have survived the mustering-out process usually following a cessation of hostilities. All of the important wars, campaigns and expeditions which have occurred in this country since 1789, numbering, according to different authorities, from seventy-seven to a hundred and one, are referred to, with descriptions of the parts taken by the various organizations. Among the attractions of this volume are autotype portraits of the seventeen general officers who have commanded the Army since 1789.

"The Log of a Privateersman"

By Henry Collingwood. Charles Scribner's Sons.

AS A WRITER of juvenile books, the author of "Pirate Island" has taken the sea-story as his special department. His five previous volumes have been tales of naval officers, pirates, slavers and mutineers. In this, his latest book, he narrates the adventures of George Bowen, a young English privateer, in the war with Napoleon. The "Log" turns out to be not a log at all, but an autobiographic romance of sufficiently exaggerated tone to appeal to boys at the Indian-scalping age, one brave Englishman, for example, being always able to handle, without the least trouble, six or eight craven Frenchmen. The incidents occur on five or six different ships between the Channel and the West Indies. The hero sails forth from Portland as second-mate on the schooner Dolphin, and, after a bewildering and loosely articulated series of alternating flights and pursuits, attended with long-distance duels and thrilling boarding attacks, returns home with bags of untold ingots and a lieutenant's commission in the Royal Navy. The author must be an accomplished sailor (he bears, indeed, a name famous in naval annals), so admirable is he in the use of nautical terms and in describing the manœuvres of sailing-vessels.

He has evidently felt the influence of Marryat, Russell and Stevenson, but has not ventured into the domain of Cooper, who remains the one great master in literature of naval tactics involving the movements of fleets. In the scales of art this story will be found of light weight; but it is ethically wholesome and inculcates the doctrines of mercy, courage, generosity and patriotism. Here and there are purple patches of ocean scenery with gorgeous effects of sea and sky. The best part of the book is the account of the crew perishing in an open boat at sea after the burning of the Indiaman. The work is appropriately bound in sea-green cloth, and is tastefully illustrated by Raney.

"Nephelée"

By Francis William Bourdillon. New Amsterdam Book Co.

THE AUTHOR of the famous poem "The Night has a Thousand Eyes" opens his first novel with an introduction in which he emphatically states his belief in ghosts. We do not want to rob him of this, nor of any other belief, but should like to know why he insists on stating it at the beginning of the story, when that story itself contains nothing whatever connected with these unsubstantial visitors from beyond the bourne. It deals with telepathy, and that requires two souls that still inhabit their tenements of clay. It is difficult to say much about "Nephelée," because it contains neither plot nor problem; it is simply the narrative of a (perhaps imaginary) telepathic experience, in which music plays the principal part. And such music! Mr. Bourdillon is a master in describing the sonata that was born of the communion of two souls far separated by space, each supplementing the other, leading, supporting, suggesting and following, and finding together the fitting finale which one of them alone had been unable to compose. It is a strange story, and one that will interest the Society for Psychical Research—as well as all lovers of music, and their number is not so small as is generally averred.

More of Mr. Mosher

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I am informed, whether correctly or not, that the ingenious Mr. Mosher is reprinting my "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France." If any of your readers already by chance possesses my "Ballades and Verses Vain" (Messrs. Scribner) or my "Grass of Parnassus" and "Ban and Arrière Ban" (Longmans), I may warn him that a reprint of "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France" will add little or nothing to his intellectual treasures. The book was published by Messrs. Longmans in 1872. The booksellers soon began to tell would-be purchasers that it was "out of print," so they could not get it. About 1885 the 500 copies really were exhausted, mainly by the spirited purchases of a kind relation. As soon as that occurred, persons with more money than brains began to pay large fancy prices for the book. Messrs. Longmans reprinted the pieces, reviewed, corrected, and considerably augmented, in "Grass of Parnassus" (cost you half a dollar) with a number of new things, and, to the best of my memory, most of them appeared, with my "Ballades," in Messrs. Scribner's "Ballades and Verses Vain." I have, however, no copy to which I can refer.

Purchasers of a reprint of "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France" will, therefore, get little in addition to what they will find, or may already possess, in "Grass of Parnassus" or "Ballades and Verses Vain," and will even miss the additional pieces in these collections. They will only acquire:—Three pages of introduction in prose. One or two badly done early translations from Villon, which I did not think worth reprinting; one or two from Passerat, Hugo, Musset, and the ballads, a deplorable sonnet, a twaddling lyric, and some misprints. As far as I remember (for I don't happen to possess "Grass of Parnassus"), that is all. The pieces which I rejected are not so very bad as to make me "care a damn," or a red cent (equivalents in currency), whether Mr. Mosher or anybody else reprints them or not. My verses have not exactly been purchased with enthusiasm in America or elsewhere; so I fear that Mr. Mosher may suffer in pocket from meddling with the early rhymes of an unpopular twitterer. That, however, is his own affair: the hesitating purchaser now knows as well as I do what he will get for his money. He will get (in addition to what is already accessible) a few trifles which even the author thinks worthless. He will also procure a few irregularities in sonnets, made regular in later editions. Much good may they do him!

ANDREW LANG.

1 MARLOES ROAD, LONDON, W., 16 Oct. 1896.

The Fine Arts

The Hermitage Collection in Photographs

THE CELEBRATED COLLECTION of the Hermitage in St. Petersburg is for the first time adequately illustrated in the series of photogravures just published by the Berlin Photographic Co. The gallery was founded in 1765, by the Empress Catharine, and has several times been added to by the purchase of notable private collections, such as the Crozat collection, and that bought from Sir Horace Walpole. It now contains some of the best examples of Rubens, Rembrandt, Murillo and other great masters. Of these, eighty-four pictures have been selected for reproduction, among them several examples of Raphael's first manner, such as the "St. George and the Dragon," formerly in the possession of Charles I.; the "Adoration of the Shepherds" of Botticelli, an important composition, crowded with figures; two charming and characteristic Madonnas by Lucas Cranach; Van Dyck's portrait of William II.; a head by Franz Hals; Murillo's "Repose in Egypt," "Crucifixion" and other examples; a "Watch-dog" by Paul Potter; a long list of Rembrandts, including "Abraham's Sacrifice," the "Denial," the "Jewish Bride" and other famous pictures; Rubens's "Descent from the Cross," "Venus and Adonis" and "Helen Fourment"; Titian's "Toilet of Venus," Leonardo's "Virgin and Child," one of the best and one of the best-preserved of existing examples of the painter; and pictures by Ruysdael, Jan Steen, Terburgh and Watteau.

The large size (about 14x19 inches) and the perfection of the photogravure process employed have yielded a really artistic result. The tone varies from a soft grey to a warm but not obtrusive brown, and the mechanical look of the ordinary photogravure has been very successfully avoided. The seven portfolios contain each a dozen plates, printed on hand-made Van Gelder paper, at the moderate price of \$300 for the complete work. The text, separately printed, consists of historical notes on the gallery and on each of the pictures reproduced, by Director von Tschudi and M. Somoff, the Curator; to which a critical introduction has been added by Sir Martin Conway.

The same firm has in hand the illustration of the Prado Museum at Madrid, on a similar scale. This work, which will not appear until some time next year, will contain thirty-nine examples of Velasquez, among them "The Forge of Vulcan," "The Spinners," the "Mercury and Argos," "The Surrender of Breda" and a number of celebrated portraits. There will be fifteen Murillos, twenty-one Titians, and examples of Rubens, Dürer, Claude Lorrain, Veronese, Ribera, Poussin and Goya. The importance of these two collections can hardly be overestimated.

Short of a frequent inspection of the originals, there is no way in which so much knowledge and pleasure of an artistic order may be gained as through the possession of such reproductions. Though published in portfolios, each plate is worthy of being framed.

Correggio

Antonio Allegri da Correggio: His Life, His Friends and His Times.
By Dr. Corrado Ricci. Charles Scribner's Sons.

DR. RICCI's work, translated by Florence Simmonds, resumes most of the new facts and theories discovered or invented by Morelli, Richter, von Tschudi and other recent writers, while not neglecting the older evidence, such as it is, presented by Vasari and his nearest successors. It brings out Correggio's affinities to the early Ferrarese school and to Mantegna, and presents a vivid picture of the life at the lesser Italian courts, as affected by the great revival of culture, which made itself felt in the castles of the Rossi and the Gonzagas and the small town of Correggio, where the artist was born. The author enters fully into the questions regarding his teachers, with the result just stated, and sets aside the legends of his early journeys to Rome and Milan. Almost every painting attributed to Correggio is critically examined, and several are shown to be in all probability imitations or forgeries. In summing up his impressions as to Correggio's place in art, Dr. Ricci gives an elaborate comparison of his work with Michael Angelo's, and brings together much evidence to show the extent and depth of the influence of Correggio's gayer though almost equally bold style.

The volume is richly illustrated, and entirely after photographs from the original paintings and drawings. The lunettes and ovals of the ceiling of the Camera di San Paolo at Parma furnish appropriate head-pieces and vignettes for the various chapters, and give some variety to the scheme of illustration, which, following the author's division of Correggio's work into periods, brings together

in the middle of the book most of the Madonnas and other religious pictures, and crowds into a single chapter the mythological and allegorical paintings of his full maturity. The majority of the illustrations are reproduced in half-tone, and many of these have been printed in tints, as a rule well chosen, but about a dozen are photogravures. Among this number are the "Madonna with St. Sebastian" of the Dresden gallery, the "Danae" of the Borghese gallery, a head of an apostle from the fresco in San Giovanni Evangelista in Parma, and the celebrated and much-copied "Leda" in the Royal Gallery in Berlin. Many of the paintings are here for the first time reproduced from photographs.

Art Notes

THE JURY of artists for the Chanler Paris Art Scholarship has unanimously awarded the prize to Mr. Lawton Parker, a student of the Students' Art League, and, it is said, a native of Seattle, Washington. The winner receives \$900 a year for five years to pay the expenses of studying art in Europe.

—The reopening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, on Nov. 3, was marked by large additions (some gifts, and many loans) to the picture galleries, and a number of antiquities. Mr. Joseph Jefferson has sent two portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds by himself, and paintings by Rembrandt, Lawrence, Josef Israels, Daubigny, Corot, Mauve, Couture and others; Mr. Jefferson exhibits, also, some of his own work. Mr. George A. Hearn has presented eight pictures of the old English school, and exhibits several more, among them works by Gainsborough, Sir Joshua and Lawrence. Other pictures shown are a Van de Velde, a Gilbert Stuart and a Turner. Mrs. John Crosby Brown has added 107 pieces to her collection of musical instruments in the Museum; and Mme. Magnusson has lent a number of Icelandic gold and silver ornaments and other objects of interest.

—The medal for the best drawings at the annual exhibition of the Society of Beaux Arts Architects, held at the rooms of the Architectural League, has been awarded to Mr. E. R. Bossange, a graduate of Columbia, class of '93.

—Mr. Harry Furniss of *Punch* was the guest of the Illustrators' Club, at its second "smoker," on Nov. 1. One of the members of the Club drew a caricature of Mr. Furniss on the wall of the club-room, and Mr. Furniss drew another (also of himself) just below it, signing his name. The work of members adorning the walls of the room is one of the Club's great attractions.

—Mr. Charles Welsh, for many years a member of the London firm of Griffith, Farran & Co., has recently come to New York to assist Mr. Montague Marks in editing and publishing *The Art Amateur*. Mr. Welsh has made a special study of juvenile literature, past and present.

The Drama "The Mummy"

EXCEPT FOR the sake of record, it would be scarcely worth while to say anything about this English farce, which was produced at the Garden Theatre on Monday evening. The piece, undoubtedly, has been successful in London, but the quality of the fun, which is boisterous and clumsy, and dependent largely upon the burlesque "Americanisms" so dear to the lower British public, is not likely to be appreciated highly in this city. The authors, Messrs. George D. Day and Allan Reed, have spoiled their chances of success by the extravagance of their methods. With a little more restraint and tact they might have constructed a very amusing farce upon the fundamental idea of a reanimated mummy, and the consternation, misapprehension and confusion which his presence would create in a modern household. The introduction, however, of a mock mummy, in the person of a masquerading young lady, a double love story, two utterly impossible professors, stage journalists, old maids and other ancient theatrical artifices, makes the whole affair preposterous and, except for those who can find amusement in horse play, not a little tiresome. To be sure, there are two or three really comical situations, but the allowance of actual humor is much too small to leaven the great mass of silliness.

There was not much merit in the representation, but the acting was quite as good as the piece deserved. Mr. Hilliard, as the resuscitated Rameses, began very well, with a gravity and dignity which were thoroughly amusing, but he soon lapsed into mere clowning, possibly because the lines and situations left him no other alternative. The audience was good-humored and laughed and applauded readily, but it is not probable that the play could live much longer in New York than the two weeks allotted to it.

The Press and the Country

It is not the function of THE CRITIC, which is a purely literary paper, to discuss politics; at the same time, we cannot refrain from offering our hearty compliments and congratulations to the newspapers of the United States. With a handful of sad exceptions, they threw partisan considerations to the winds, and gave their great strength to the saving of the country. Their reward is the confidence of the American people, and the consciousness of having done the right thing at the right time.

Bannered Manhattan

CITY OF CITIES, beautiful and brave,

Blue-girdled with bright waters! well dost wear

The glorious flag of flags! The autumnal air

Wakes to a breeze, those well-loved folds to wave,—

The stars that watch o'er many a hero's grave,

The scarlet stripes, that beckon souls to dare!

Thy children never saw thee half so fair,

Nor felt thee half so strong, to stay and save.

Thou stand'st for golden honor, faith that binds

Nation to nation, else the world were lost;

And reverend justice, and the wiser ways

Of safe tradition, mapped by elder minds;

And (Man's one hope in all the unborn days!)

Strong Union, sacred as the blood it cost.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

The Lounger

IT IS SAID that all things come to them that wait. Ever since I first saw Madame Calvé as Carmen, I have been waiting to see her as Aida. Anyone who can act Carmen as she acts it, and who can sing the music as she sings it, must act and sing Aida to perfection. Now I am told that she is to appear as Aida at the Metropolitan Opera House during the present season, and if I am not there to hear, it will be because the managers have raised the price of seats to a prohibitory figure. Not only are we to hear Mme. Calvé as Aida, but she is also to sing Suzanne in "The Marriage of Figaro." This also is a part that fits her. It is said that she is as tired of the name of "Carmen" as du Maurier was of that of "Trilby," and she made it a part of her contract with Mr. Grau that she is to be heard in other rôles this season.

* * *

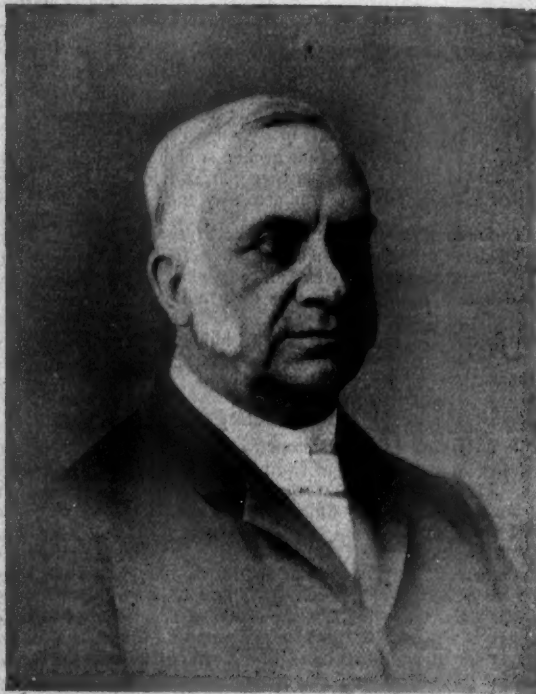
NOTWITHSTANDING the business depression of the present year, there will apparently be no falling-off at the Opera. Every box in the house is taken for the season. There are three boxes, or were a few days ago, that possibly may be had for certain nights of the week, but it is not positive that even they will be in the market; in fact, it is very doubtful. The demand for boxes is much in excess of the supply. So eager are people to get them, particularly the parterre boxes, that, when they hear that a family have gone abroad or into mourning, they immediately write to them to know if they are going to give up their box at the Opera. I know of an instance of a family, one of whose members died while they were abroad, who received a letter from someone in New York, asking if they were going to give up their box, almost before the news of the death had time to reach here by mail.

* * *

ONE OF THE most striking figures in English journalism today is Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, who, though not yet thirty years of age, is the proprietor of eighteen periodicals, four of them dailies, two being London dailies. Mr. Harmsworth has only been in business for himself for eight years, and in that time he has amassed a fortune of many hundred thousand pounds. He has a number of brothers in business with him, and they work together as one man. Within a few weeks Mr. Harmsworth has organized a company, capitalized at \$5,000,000, of which he and his brothers own a majority of the stock. This corporation includes all of his periodicals except his London dailies; these he has reserved for his private business. Mr. Harmsworth really seems to have a genius for success. He has never touched a thing that failed. While he has worked hard, as a man must work to establish so many periodicals in such a short time, it is not all work and no play with him. Most of his time nowadays is spent at his country-place in Kent, and it is said that every room in his house has a telephone connection with London. On

two or three days in the week he may be found at his office in London, but the most of his business is done over the telephone from his Kentish home. An interesting account of Mr. Harmsworth, with portraits and a picture of his home, is to be seen in the current *English Illustrated Magazine*.

THE PORTRAITS of Prof. Lounsbury and Mr. Gilder which appeared, in connection with others, in *The Critic's* report of the conferring of honorary degrees at Princeton, were reproduced from photographs by Mr. George Cox of this city. The accom-



panying portrait of Prof. Baird, the historian of the Huguenots, who also received the degree of Doctor of Letters, is reproduced from a photograph by Pach Bros., which came too late for last week's paper.

ON SEPT. 26 I called the attention of northern booksellers to a poem called "Bob White," published as a Christmas-card by a southern dealer. There was not a syllable of criticism in what I said of it: I merely remarked that it would doubtless sell well, and quoted a very complimentary reference to it from the *Chattanooga News*, which spoke of the author as "Chattanooga's sweet singer, Marion Ham." Judge of my surprise, then, on finding my paragraph quoted in the *Nashville American*, with this comment:—

"I have tried hard to see the wit or the brilliancy of this paragraph. It must be there, but if so it is hidden by something like Mr. Gilder's night that 'was long and like an iron bar lay heavy on the land.' Judging from outside appearances alone, it is only a piece of silly and uncalled-for rudeness, a rudeness no less glaring than that of the fussy bar-room bully than if it did not appear in a so-called first-class literary journal. I am half constrained to believe that literary people are the most despicable things in the world, anyhow. Of all the cross, snarling, back-biting and envious people, they are the worst. Half of the ill-natured criticisms of Jeffrey were inspired by a littleness which he could not control. Even Tennyson in the quietude of the home he rarely left, was wantonly attacked by a brother in literature whom he properly dubbed a band-box; and many of the savage utterances of Zangwill of the puckered mouth and conceitedly-poised head, emanate from innate hatefulness. Why, a critic might be a gentleman if he should try, and a 'literary feller' is not obliged to be a common scold. Much of the social glories of Bohemia are overrated."

THE POET HERSELF does not take the atrabilious view of my remarks that her advocate does. Writing a week after the appearance of his attack, she asks the name of the writer of the paragraph in *The Critic*, assuming my willingness to disclose it.

"I wish to address him personally, on a literary matter," she says, "and will be greatly obliged by the courtesy." Her over-zealous champion is decidedly more loyal than the queen.

MRS. FRÉDERICK NATHAN of this city writes to me as follows:—"In reading Katherine Pearson Woods's latest book, 'John: A Tale of King Messiah,' I was surprised to find that the author had evidently confused the Passover with the Feast of Tabernacles. On page 51 I read:—'For on a certain morning in the October after the events last narrated—according to Jewish reckoning, in the month of Marchesvan—the Passover having fallen late that year,' and I was puzzled. The Passover was always celebrated in the month of Nissan, and, even occurring late that year, it would still have fallen in the spring, so I cannot understand what it had to do with describing events that occurred in the month of October, or Heshvan. Then, on page 78 is written:—'A silver crescent, which, when it filled, would be the *pascal* full moon, hung low over the desert,' and a little further down the page Mrs. Woods goes on to describe how the 'motley crowd thronged the wide plain * * * elbowing one another to the multitude of green booths which formed their temporary abodes.' The Israelites only dwelt in green booths at the time of the Succoth, or Feast of Tabernacles, which was celebrated in the fall of the year, and the Passover could not have fallen in the month of October, the season which is described in these chapters."

THE DAUGHTERS of three well-known American novelists have developed a talent for the brush rather than the pen. Miss Mildred Howells ("A Little Girl Among the Old Masters") has a studio in her father's house, where she illustrates his poems and does other work. Miss Howells studied in Paris, London and Rome. Miss Allegra Eggleston paints portraits of children and is very clever at wood-carving. One of her best bits of carving is a portrait of the late Dr. J. G. Holland. Mr. Cable's daughter illustrates her father's stories and works for the magazines.

APROPÓS, Mr. Barrie has been visiting Mr. Cable at Northampton. In speaking of this visit, the *Tribune* said:—"An interesting coincidence in connection with his visit to Northampton was the fact that Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, editor of *The British Weekly*, chanced to be visiting in Northampton at the same time. It was Dr. Nicoll who first brought Mr. Barrie before the public." The coincidence would be more striking if Dr. Nicoll had not come to America with Mr. Barrie, and if he had not gone to Northampton with him.

GEORGE HENRY WASHINGTON, the black cook of a merchant brig, has written poetry that has been published in papers edited by colored men. Mr. Washington celebrates the charms of the female portion of his race; and he does not avoid the question of color. Being interviewed as to the beginnings of his literary career, he mentions Mr. George R. Sims as the poet who most influenced him. As a true poet should, Mr. Washington writes under inspiration, and his first poem was dashed off at night:—

"Susan is black,
She is not white;
Her cheeks do shine
Like anthracite."

Since then he has gone on writing poems, and he is going to publish them some day. In his poems he does not attempt to misrepresent facts. In writing of a lady of his race he sings:—

"Her cheek is of the hue of ink,
Her lips are thick and wide,
And to my Chloe I will drink,
She is my dusky bride."

And again

"A-tolling in the cane one day,
An angel came to me;
Like jet he was from head to foot,
As black as black could be."

"He said, 'In Heaven, whence I do come,
And where I'm going back,
All angels are not pink and white,
But millions there are black.'"

He even goes so far as to speak of the "wool" of his inamoratas, for he

"Awoke and found his Dinah's wool
Pressed close against his chest."

The November Magazines

"McClure's Magazine"

ON OPENING this number of *McClure's*, we turned, of course, first of all, to the opening chapters of Rudyard Kipling's much discussed new story, "Captains Courageous." They tell us how Harvey Cheyne, the sole heir to thirty millions, not yet sixteen, a cub whose mother "lived in fear of breaking his spirit, which, perhaps, was the reason that she herself walked on the edge of nervous prostration," is washed overboard from the steamer that is taking him and that mother to Europe, and rescued by a Gloucester fishing schooner.

This is in May, and the fisherman is not going home till September; nor does he believe Harvey's tale of his father's wealth. So the lad is engaged, nilly-willy, to take the place of the boy who was drowned—"ten an' a ha'f a month, an' o' course, all f'und, same ez the rest o' us," says the captain,—and initiated by that captain's son into the mysteries of cod cleaning. The story leaves us keeping the first watch with Harvey, and with a profound impression of the heave and swell of the sea, the mists of the Banks and the smell of the fish. Likewise with a deeply rooted conviction of the possibilities of this new story, and of Mr. Kipling's masterly treatment thereof.

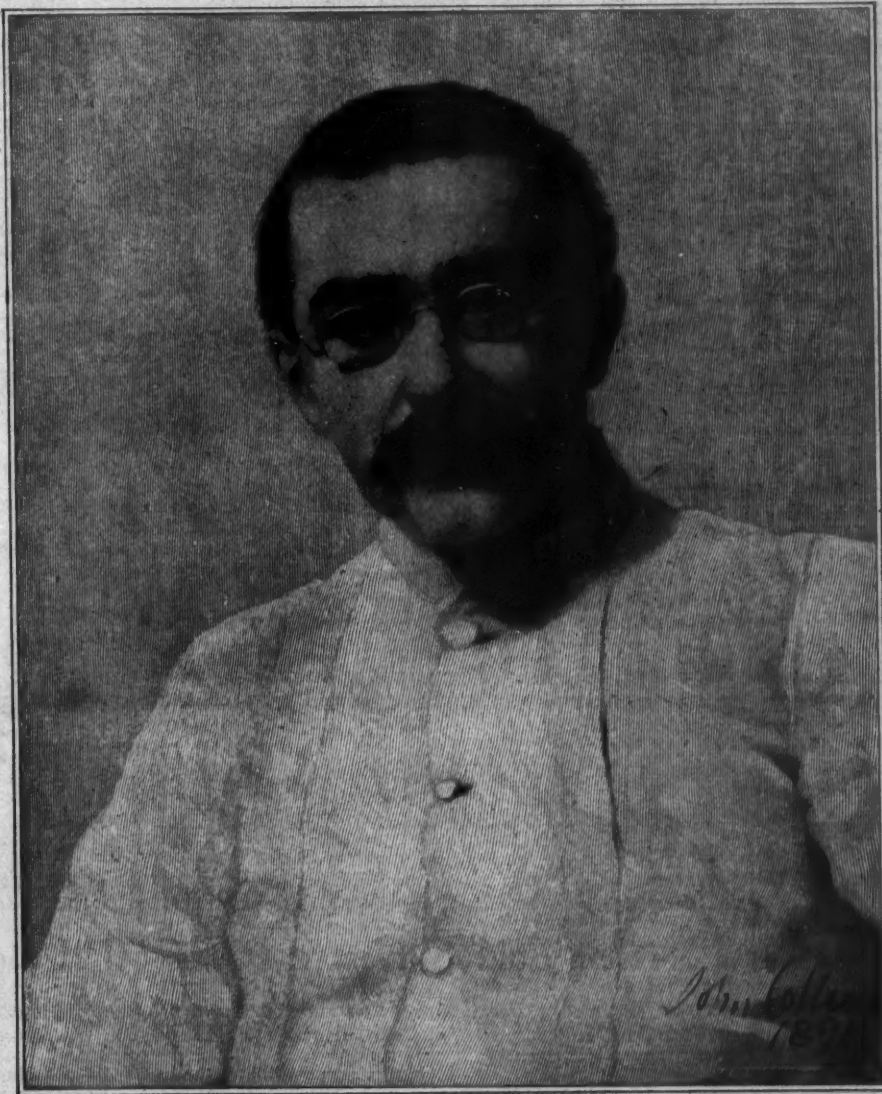
—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps concludes her reminiscences with "A Novelist's Views of Novel-writing," which include a little essay on the difficulties of the short story. Her creed, also written down here, includes, besides that of the Christian, a belief in women, in dress reform for them, the abolition of the liquor traffic and of vivisection, the revision of our statute laws, and in homœopathy.

"Cosmopolis"

MOST INTERESTING in the October number of this excellent review are Prof. Max Müller's "Musical Recollections." He supplies, first of all, many biographical details that are not given by the dictionaries; and, secondly, tells many anecdotes about great musicians he has known—Mendelssohn, the Schumanns, Liszt,

Jenny Lind and many others. They are of an excellent quality, too, these anecdotes, of a kind that is worth telling, and told, moreover, in Prof. Müller's own clear, admirable style. The great *savant* was originally intended for a musical career, and seems to have shown great promise in his youth. He thus closes this delightful paper:—"As to myself, I have long become a mere listener. Old fingers grow stiff and will no longer obey. * * * It may be that I have given too much time to music, but what would life have been without it? * * * Is there not in music, and in music alone of all the arts, something that is not entirely of this earth? Harmony and rhythm may be under settled laws;

and in that sense mathematicians may be right when they call mathematics silent music. But whence comes melody? Surely not from what we hear in the streets, or in the woods, or on the sea shore, not from anything that we hear with our outward ears and are able to imitate, to improve, or to sublimise. Neither history nor evolution will help us to account for Schubert's 'Trockne Blumen.' Here, if anywhere, we see the golden stairs on which angels descend from heaven to earth, and whisper sweet sounds into the ears of those who have ears to hear. Words cannot be so inspired, for words, we know, are of the earth earthy.—Mr. George Moore complains that "Since the Elizabethans" no writer of English fiction has laid bare to us the soul of



RUDYARD KIPLING

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man: we know the characters in their novels—from Fielding to Thackeray—as we know the people living across the street, the people we meet in Mayfair: "Men and women admirably observed in their superficial appearances; each stamped with his or her age, and with the habits and customs of his or her class. But the emotions which move them will be always secondary emotions." He quotes in contrast Balzac, Tourguéneff and Tolstoi, drawing a striking comparison between the latter's "Anna Karénina" and "Vanity Fair." With his usual undoubted cleverness, Mr. Moore makes out an excellent case for his contention; but we would recommend him to turn his attention for a while to our New England short-story writers.—And apropos of the soul of man—



WHEN JENNY LIND SANG IN CASTLE GARDEN

The story of this remarkable concert, the scenes of unparalleled enthusiasm, when people went music-mad, and hundreds listened to the great songstress in rowboats, is told by Hon. A. Oakley Hall, ex-Mayor of New York City, in the NOVEMBER

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

This is the first of a series of remarkable articles which the JOURNAL will publish under the title of "Great Personal Events." The next article will be by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher and describe the wonderful scene

When Mr. Beecher Sold Slaves in Plymouth Pulpit

An event so thrilling that people became hysterical and threw watches and jewelry on the platform and in collection baskets. Then will follow, in succession, descriptions by eyewitnesses, of the great occasions

WHEN KOSSUTH RODE UP BROADWAY

When 500,000 people lined Broadway, and enthusiasm went beyond all bounds: a scene which stands even to-day as the most unique episode ever witnessed in America.

WHEN HENRY CLAY SAID FAREWELL TO THE SENATE

The most dramatic event which ever occurred in the Senate: when statesmen wept and a whole nation listened in tears.

WHEN MACKAY STRUCK THE GREAT BONANZA

The striking of the great gold vein which set the world of money into a frenzy and netted 150 millions of dollars.

WHEN THE PRINCE OF WALES WAS IN AMERICA

A time when young women nearly lost their senses in a frenzy of romantic excitement; when a church congregation forgot itself and stood on the cushions of the pews.

WHEN GRANT WENT ROUND THE WORLD

A triumphant tour, with the most brilliant social honors ever enjoyed by an American.

WHEN LINCOLN WAS FIRST INAUGURATED

His strange journey from his home to the White House.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

and woman.—M. Émile Faguet devotes an excellent paper, discriminating and just, to Gyp, whose wonderful psychological insight is too often overlooked in the rush of mirth at her daring wit and brilliant naughtiness.

"The Atlantic Monthly"

THE WRITER of these lines, on taking up *The Atlantic* for November, turned at once to Col. Higginson's "Cheerful Yesterdays," and found them all that had been expected. Col. Higginson is a most graceful writer and can invest the simplest facts with charm. The yesterdays of these first pages were spent in Cambridge, where his father was a professor at Harvard College. The father's house was a headquarters for the interesting people of those interesting days. Washington Irving once came there, and Margaret Fuller, "a plain, precocious, overgrown girl, but already accredited with unusual talents," used to visit the Colonel's sister. W. W. Story was then a conspicuously handsome boy, with a rather high-bred look and overflowing with fun and frolic, as, indeed, he was during his whole life. At that time Lowell was of much more ordinary appearance, short and freckled, and a secondary figure beside Story; yet in later life, with his fine eyes and Apollo-like brow, he became much the more noticeable of the two, as he was certainly far superior in genius. Although Col. Higginson belongs to a younger generation than the famous Cambridge group, he was a man among them and knew them intimately. Even we who are not New Englanders are anticipating much pleasure from the perusal of these reminiscences.—Another interesting paper of reminiscences is that of Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, who knew Mr. Bret Harte in his California days. In writing of Mr. Harte as an editor, Mr. Stoddard says:—"I am sure that the majority of the contributors to *The Overland Monthly*, while it was edited by Bret Harte, profited, as I did, by his careful and judicious criticism. Fastidious to a degree, he could not overlook a lack of finish in the manuscript offered him. He had a special taste in the choice of titles, and I have known him to alter the name of an article two or three times, in order that the table-of-contents might read handsomely and harmoniously."—An important and timely article is that by Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, on "Causes of Agricultural Unrest."—The purely literary contribution to this number is Mr. John Jay Chapman's "The Young Shakespeare: A Study of Romeo."

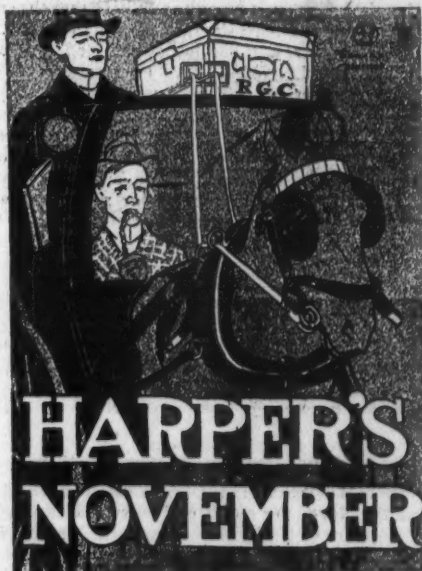
"The Century Magazine"

AN ENGLISH EDITOR once said to the writer:—"Your American editors have three trump-cards with which they can always arouse public interest—Napoleon, Lincoln and Grant. If you get some good material about either of these three, you are sure of a big circulation." Never was a truer word spoken. These names are names to conjure with. Napoleon is supposed to have worked wonders for *Harper's Magazine* years and years ago, when Abbott wrote his life for that periodical, and later for *The Century* and *McClure's*. What the Life of Lincoln did for *The Century* is well known. Now that magazine has taken up Grant, and Gen. Horace Porter's chapters of reminiscences of the great Captain under whom he fought promise to attract hosts of readers. Gen. Porter was not only the private secretary, but also an intimate personal friend of his chief. He has long had the reputation of being one of the best speakers in the country. It is not strange that he should prove a good writer as well, and with such material as he has on hand he cannot fail to make a series of valuable articles. From what is known of him as an after-dinner speaker, we may also expect a collection of rare historical anecdotes. Gen. Porter first met Grant at the headquarters of Gen. Thomas at Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1863. Grant was sitting in an arm-chair before the fire. He was carelessly dressed, and his clothes were wet and splashed with mud. He held a lighted cigar in his mouth as he held out his hand to Gen. Porter. That was the beginning of an acquaintance that ripened into a lifelong friendship. Gen. Porter gives a page to a personal description of Grant, which is probably as accurate as any that has ever been given. It does not accord altogether with the popular idea of the hero, but it is no doubt the correct one.—Dr. Weir Mitchell's story, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," opens with something more than promise. The editor's faith in it is proved by the fact that, although the story was set up, printed and ready for publication in book-form, he stopped the presses and had the day of publication postponed, so that he could give the readers of the magazine the pleasure of reading it first, and this in the face of the fact that other MSS. were clamoring for admittance—MSS., too, that

had good claims for their demands.—Very apropos is the article on "Election Day in New York" with its striking illustrations, and also the one called "An Object Lesson in Municipal Government," showing how public affairs are conducted in the city of Birmingham, England.—There is no more charming article in this number than that by M. Boutet de Monvel on "The National Hero of France," meaning Joan of Arc. M. de Monvel's illustrations are very sympathetic. Fine as they are in black-and-white, they must be even finer in water-color, their original medium.

"Harper's Magazine"

THE GREAT MASS of *Harper's* readers will turn with eagerness to the second instalment of Mr. du Maurier's story, "The Martian," which has taken on a pathetic interest since the first chapters were printed a month ago. Mr. du Maurier has introduced a new character in M. Laferte, familiarly called le Père Polyphème, a character which, so far, is as good as any that he has created.—The first of Mr. Poultny Bigelow's papers on "The White Man's Africa" appears in this number, and is conspicuous for that easy, breezy style which gives Mr. Bigelow's writings an individuality that is pleasing, if for nothing but its unconventionality. What Mr. Bigelow says about our consular service in South Africa is not



pleasant reading, because of its truth. If he were not so well known as a good American, some readers might think his strictures unnecessarily hard, but, coming from him, they cannot be doubted. On landing at Cape Town, Mr. Bigelow's first inquiry was for the American consul. "To my chagrin, I found that we had no consul; that for the time being American interests were being cared for—and very well, too—by an English gentleman. I made inquiries of various people, and learned that in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Cape Town such a thing as an American consul who could keep sober after twelve o'clock noon was too seldom known; and this fact must be carefully borne in mind, for it will explain many things that otherwise might seem obscure. Other countries encourage the commerce of their citizens by appointing capable consuls at foreign ports. Capable consuls cannot be secured unless they are either well paid for their services, or unless they are given a permanent position. The American consul at Cape Town has large American interests to watch—not merely at the Cape, but throughout South Africa. Uncle Sam offers such a man the wages of a second-rate mechanic or baseball-player." If it had not been for Sir Hercules Robinson, things might have been pretty bad for the Americans in South Africa.—Mr. Laurence Hutton's paper on "The Literary Landmarks of Florence" makes the reader envious of those who can live in that literary landmarked town, and envious of Prof. Willard Fisk more than all of the rest, for does he not live in the Villa Landor, which is not only famous for its own beauty, but for the beauty of its surroundings? We would call especial attention to Mr. Warner's remarks in the Editor's Study on success as usually understood in America. What he says is, alas, only too true. We measure success in strange scales.

"Scribner's Magazine"

THERE IS PROBABLY no city in the world that has more girl bachelors than New York, and certainly no city that provides so little for their comfort. We learn much about these interesting young people from an article by Miss Mary Gay Humphreys in the November *Scribner's*. She has made a special study of this largely increasing class of the community, both here and in London, and knows of what she writes. The path of independence for most of these women, she says, has led through the hall bedrooms of this city. London has nothing like them, neither has Paris. Nor do they exist in Boston or Philadelphia:—"The typical New York house has five; there would be six, but that the space for one has been appropriated by the bathroom. There are three hundred on each cross-town block. In a solid section extending from Washington Square to Fifty-Ninth Street, and within the limited confines of Fifth and Sixth Avenues, there are, roughly estimated, fifteen thousand hall bedrooms." Just think of the possibilities for the cultivation of the girl bachelor! Fortunately for their peace of mind, all girl bachelors do not live in hall bedrooms. There are those who club together and live in flats of their own, and many more who live in studios where Japanese fans and screens help in the scheme of decoration and cover a multitude of sins. Whatever else may be said of the girl bachelor, it must be admitted that she enjoys life to the full, no matter how hard she may work by the way. It is a thousand pities, however, that she is not provided for as well in New York as she is in London.—An interesting article is that by Mr. M. H. Spielmann, on "The Renaissance of Lithography." A comparison of the illustrations would seem to show that the art is one that has been improved upon, though at its best it has always been an effective form of black-and-white reproduction. Just now it is popular in England, having been made so through the work of one or two lithographers whose reproductions are so good that some of the best artists have been glad to work for them. "Collections of this redeveloped art," says Mr. Spielmann, "are rapidly being formed; that it will certainly become the mode—perhaps, indeed, the rage—is confidently anticipated by all who appreciate the autographic virtues, the range of color, the vibrating lights and harmonious depths of the method that enables the artist to realize with conscious ease his half indistinct, wholly poetic dreams."—Mr. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" comes to an end in this number of *Scribner's*, and that it will be regretted by the magazine's readers we can well believe.

"Appletons' Popular Science Monthly"

PROF. WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON of Leland Stanford Jr. University opens the November number of this periodical with a discussion of the nature of "The Moral Standard," tracing its origin and growth, and reviewing, *passim*, the other principal criteria of conduct, by contrast with which the essential character of the moral criterion itself is brought into conspicuous relief. In answer to Mr. Balfour's contention that the higher emotions cannot possibly be called forth by the precepts of the naturalistic moral code, Prof. Hudson says:—"The gradual decline of the older theology will, I am convinced, bring with it no decadence in our feelings of awe, reverence, sacredness, mystery, but simply a transference of these feelings from the so-called supernatural to the natural—from the power manifested in miracle to the power revealed in law. And thus, by a gradual but inevitable process of adjustment, will it be without possibility of question, when the naturalistic ethics of the future shall have taken the place of the supernaturalistic ethics of the past. Of the moral ideal it may thus be said that it 'decomposes but to recompose' with fuller beauty and richer meaning."—In a paper on "Popular Superstitions," by Dr. Walter James Hoffman, we find a new explanation of the horseshoe superstition. Dr. Hoffman thinks it probable that the practice of nailing horseshoes over doors, etc., originated with the rite of the Passover:—"The blood upon the doorposts and upon the lintel formed, as it were, an arch, and when the horseshoe was subsequently observed as resembling, conventionally, a similar arch, it may naturally have been adopted, and in time become a symbol of luck." This would do away with the much older use of the crescent with points upturned, as it is seen in the little ornaments used by the Italian populace against the *jettatura*, the warding off of evil by the upturning of the hand with the first and little finger pointed upward and in the crescent on the head of Diana.—A paper on "A Dog's Laugh" contains a couple of excellent illustrations which all lovers of dogs will recognize as most felicitous. They are of a terrier and a collie; but all dogs laugh, even the commonest mongrels.

"Lippincott's Magazine"

THE COMPLETE NOVEL in the November *Lippincott's* is entitled "An Interrupted Current." It is by Howard M. Yost, and is a detective story, electricity playing a part in the discovery of the criminal. It is fairly well done, but the reader unhappily has from the first a suspicion that he is on the right track, which suspicion is confirmed in the end.—A paper addressed to literary aspirants, "Two Sides," by Frederic M. Bird, is full of strong, healthy commonsense, but will, we fear, like many others on the same subject, remain without effect. It is anent the unhappy editors of magazines and the vengeful contributors who don't get in, and who, in consequence, talk of "pulls," established reputation that counts, whether the product itself be good or not—of every-



thing, in short, but the very simple and very possible fact that their contributions are really unavailable. Yet here is a very simple and exceedingly hard fact—one of many contained in this paper,—and one that leaves the would-be contributor's opinion of his own work entirely untouched:—"A monthly contains, let us say, 144 pages; if the matter offered to it in an average month would cover 5000 pages, what proportion of that matter can be used? It includes, perhaps, three or four poems in each issue: if it gets six or eight a day, how many of them can it print? These are not abstruse problems, but rather simple sums in arithmetic." The papers on the practical side of literature, appearing in *Lippincott's* from time to time, are well worth the attention of beginners.

"The Forum"

AS WAS to be expected, this number is devoted principally to the burning question of many months, the question that was decided last Tuesday as the conscience of a great people must have settled it. There are papers on "As Maine Goes, so Goes the Union," by the Hon. Thomas B. Reed; "The 'Solid South' Dissolving," by Edward P. Clark; "Conditions for a Sound Financial Basis," by E. W. Codrington; and "Bond Sales and the Gold Standard," by Prof. F. W. Taussig; and in "Woman from the Standpoint of a Naturalist," by Dr. W. K. Brooks, we are warned against the emotionalism that has formed so conspicuous a part of this campaign in the minority that threatened our prosperity and credit—against persons who, "instead of bravely facing the difficulties which beset us all, try to evade them and wait for something to turn up, or, failing this, to turn up something which, if it do not accomplish what is wished, will be sure to accomplish something else."—Mr. Henry D. Lloyd contributes a most readable paper on "Emerson's Wit and Humor":—"The gaiety of health and strength which expressed itself in other men in exuberance of spirits came out in Emerson in exuberance of phrase. * * * He was almost French in his dislike of dull expression. When he wants to tell what Podsnap would wave away as 'The universal social unrest,' he says: 'Nowadays every man carries a revolution

in his vest pocket.' * * * When Choate belittled the Declaration of Independence as made up of 'glittering generalities,' Emerson retorted, 'I call them, rather, blazing ubiquities.'"—Mr. Benjamin E. Smith, President of the Orthographic Union, discusses, thoughtfully and conservatively, "The Future of Spelling Reform."

"The North American Review"

A SPLENDID ILLUSTRATION of Dr. Charles F. Thwing's article on the "Influence of the College in American Life" in this number is the part taken by the clergy and the bar in the campaign which ended on Tuesday of this week. As Dr. Thwing truly remarks, "the American college has rendered a service of greater value to American life in training men than in promoting scholarship. It has affected society more generally and deeply through its graduates than through its contributions to the sciences. * * * It has been rather a mother of men than a nurse of scientists." And even while many lawyers and some clergymen are not college-bred, it is undoubtedly true that the influence of those who are is greater than that of the remainder who are not. Dr. Thwing shows in this interesting paper how large a proportion of the men who have been prominent in the nation's history and public life were college graduates.—Epitaphs have a whimsical relationship to literature, especially those of the last century. There is always something to laugh and much to wonder at in these products of unknown bards, and the collection given by Mr. I. A. Taylor in "English Epitaphs" contains some new ones that are very good.—A paper on "The Plain Truth about Asiatic Labor," by Mr. John Barrett, U. S. Minister to Siam, shows a different state of affairs from that pictured by alarmists, but points out in moderate terms and with the exactness of a consular report where the danger of Oriental competition lies, and how it is likely to grow.

"The Pall Mall Magazine"

STEVENSON'S "St. Ives: The Adventures of a French Prisoner in England" is begun in this number of the magazine. It puts before the reader with swift lines, the hero, the situation, the woman, the rival and the probable complications. The prisoner, though a mere private, is a nobleman, and recognized as such by the girl and by the English major who takes lessons in French from him. The latter also discovers the truth regarding the unexplained death of a prisoner in the barracks, and its cause. Altogether, this beginning promises well. The story is bound to be full of adventure, of reckless daring and breathless peril; and the master hand, now at rest, must surely have done its best throughout to make us wish so strongly to follow the French prisoner in his escape which is foreshadowed in these three chapters. The illustrations by Mr. G. Grenville Manton are pleasant to look upon.—A well-illustrated paper on "The United States Naval Academy" is by Lieut.-Com. Jerrold Kelley.

London Letter

THE ENTHUSIASM of the Nelson commemoration has knocked all other interests upon the head this week. Nor has patriotism been confined to laurel-cables and bell-ringing; it has fittingly issued in literature as well. *The Daily Chronicle* of Oct. 21 printed a characteristic poem by Mr. George Meredith, and a very stirring copy of verses by Mr. E. Nesbit—one of the best pieces of work that author has ever done. Moreover, the sale for Southey's "Life of Nelson" has been considerable. The entire work was bartered for a penny in the crowd; and more than one new edition has been set forth for the occasion. Of these by far the most deserving is that re-edited by Mr. David Hannay—a worthy and desirable volume. Mr. Hannay is a trustworthy authority upon naval affairs, and he has supplied, with judgment and reserve, many inevitable lacuna in Southey's narrative. Here once more is a dignified and sensible reissue of a popular classic; and here we have, for some time to come, the standard edition of the work.

Preparations are busily astir for Mr. Beerbohm Tree's American production of "The Seats of the Mighty." I hear that those who are responsible for the management enjoy the most lively faith in the success of Mr. Gilbert Parker's drama, and a very large expenditure is being indulged in the matter of scenery and dress. The costumes, which are most elaborate, will cost about 1700*l*. The embroidery of a single vest has occupied several workers

without remission for a month! Let us hope the sheen of the velvet will not be dim when the coats are donned anew at Her Majesty's! Mr. Tree's manager sails for America next week; and by that time everything will be in readiness.

The copyright for the English language in Dr. Nansen's record of his expedition has been acquired, after much competition, by Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co., the comparatively young, but very energetic, firm in Whitehall Gardens. Some part of the narrative, it is understood, will first appear serially in a daily paper. This should be a great journalistic attraction.

Messrs. Harmsworth have made a public company of their magazines and periodicals, reserving *The Daily Mail* and *The Evening News*. The capital is 1,000,000*l*., of which one-half is taken up by the Harmsworths themselves. The preliminary prospectus appeared in Sunday's papers, and the list closed on Wednesday morning; but all the capital was over-subscribed. The vendors undertake to publish no new magazines otherwise than for the company's benefit, but do not pledge themselves with regard to daily papers. In this branch of journalism they retain their right to act independently. The success of the Newnes and Pearson companies has rendered the public very keen to acquire shares in these popular journalistic enterprises. There was never any doubt but that the shares would be eagerly sought for.

Mr. Samuel L. Clemens has settled in London for the winter, and is busy upon his new book of travel. It is understood that he will not return to America before the middle of next summer. Mr. Thomas Hardy is also back from a few weeks upon the Continent, and has passed through London on his way home to Max Gate, Dorchester. His health, which had given him a little trouble, is now happily restored. Mr. Kipling, meanwhile, is quite buried in his country home, which lies off the highroad to Torquay, with terraced gardens sloping down to the sea. The house is about half way between Torquay and the little village of St. Mary Church, and Mr. Kipling's nearest literary neighbor is Mr. W. E. Norris. It is not likely that Mr. Kipling will be in London this side of Christmas.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter, in to-day's *Illustrated London News*, complains somewhat bitterly of the habit common among publishers of defacing the title-pages of review copies with a stamp, specifying that the volume is a present. It seems that Mr. Shorter's taste is revolted by these blots upon the fair pages of his library, and he considers the practice "little less than an impertinence." But, surely, Mr. Shorter should remember the adage concerning the mouths of gift-horses!—The reviewer, or editor, who is enabled to stock his library with the best books of the year, free of cost, owes something to the giver of the feast. And, as long as reviewers sell uncut copies of new books to the trade within a week of publication, the unfortunate publisher must do something to protect himself. For my own part, I think a very good case might be made out for the publisher who should insist that all papers which required copies of his books should buy them at trade-prices. If the book were worth reviewing, the newspaper proprietor would find himself obliged to buy it; and, in the case of an indifferent book, no amount of favorable reviewing will lift it into favor. It is, indeed, an open question whether the ordinary review is of the slightest value to a book; for it is notorious that the ordinary review is so sloppily written that no one but the reviewer and the reviewed has the patience to read it. Indeed, taking things all round (and, as Mr. Pinero's Sheba said, "You must take things all round!") I think that Mr. Shorter has for once lighted upon a mare's nest.

I met a friend last night who has read the greater part of Mr. Le Gallienne's forthcoming book, "The Quest of the Golden Girl," and speaks of it very highly. He tells me that "all the chatter about" the method of Sterne and so forth is nonsense; and that the new book is precisely of the same nature as "The Bookbills of Narcissus." As there are many people who prefer this to any of Mr. Le Gallienne's later work, this piece of news will no doubt be welcome. Mr. Lane, by the bye, has returned from America in time to superintend the issue of Mr. John Davidson's new book of Ballads, next week. Mr. Davidson has been quiet of late—at least in poetry; and it will be interesting to see how he emerges from his temporary rest. For there are many signs that the "boom" in minor verse is over, and, if so, the time is coming when only those who have some special claim are likely to survive. That Mr. Davidson will be among the number of the survivors, I, for one, have not the slightest doubt.

LONDON, 23 Oct. 1896.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Chicago Letter

THE NINTH ANNUAL exhibition of oils at the Art Institute has proved to be one of the best ever held there. It contains less trash than usual—we must evidently wait for the millennium before we find an exhibition which has none at all,—and there is a refreshing amount of sincerity and endeavor in the work. In this particular an advance is evident in all of the American exhibitions. We seem to have passed into a more thoughtful stage of development, where the manner of expression is of less importance than the idea behind it. It has become a transparent medium through which we see the personality of the artist and its relation to art. Moreover, we are infected but little with the story-telling habit. Some of these pictures suggest emotions and tragedies, but they do it in terms of art, not in terms of literature. It is the beauty of light and color which makes Walter McEwen's "Magdalen" a notable work, rather than the sins the woman has committed and her repentance. This character study is of little importance in comparison with the exquisite beauty of shimmering light and shadow. The cavernous interior of the old church, fitfully lighted with candles for the midnight mass, gives the artist such an opportunity as many of us can find in nature, but few in art. It is the most imaginative thing that Mr. McEwen has painted. Mr. Benson has eliminated all literary significance from his panels, "Spring" and "Autumn." Pure decorations, simple, graceful and altogether charming, they express the seasons they represent with a kind of frank and simple eloquence. They do not compel one's attention so radiantly as did the "Summer" shown in New York last spring, but have the same kind of charm. Herbert Denman, also, sends a decoration—"Nymphs and Swans,"—but the delicate beauty of its color does not save it from being empty and meaningless. Du Mond's "Bacchanale" is much more successful, very high in key, very light, with its focus in the garlanded white oxen; but well in tone with its movement, its gaiety and grace. Albert Herter's lady in a Japanese gown is also decorative in a very different way, but less interesting than his portrait of a man and woman dreaming over the fire, which he calls "Le Soir."

One of the most interesting pictures in the collection is by Henry O. Tanner, whose shadowy portrait here, by H. D. Murphy, shows him to be a young mulatto. His "Daniel in the Lion's Den" is a remarkable performance. A sombre thing, illumined only by a square patch of light from above, it artfully makes one desire to see more clearly the shadowed face of the prophet. And in the languorous attitudes of the lions there is no lack of force. The arrangement is skillful, except that one of the animal faces seems cut into by the abrupt light. They are royal beasts under the spell of a stronger will than their own. Mr. Landeau, on the contrary, cannot suggest the tremendous drama he tries to present in the "Remorse of Judas." It is without majesty, it seems even without remorse. One feels more shuddering horror in looking at Sterner's "Roderick Usher and the Lady Madeline," an imaginative, gruesome thing. His portrait of a young woman in an old-fashioned costume is in a different mood, a charming, pensive one. Portraits are not numerous in this collection. Wilton Lockwood sends two, one of a woman in black with a cat and a cap, the other of a peasant eating soup, seen through the elusive veil which this painter knows how to use. They are delightful, both of them. Robert Henri sends a clever study of "Suzanne," her white shoulders gleaming out of dark draperies.

A good painting of a child is by Carl Guthertz, and Humphreys Johnston puts originality and character into his studies—somewhat too much in a sketch of an enigmatical grotto, which might as well be turned upside down, but would always remain lovely in color. He sends no "Domino Rose," however, to this collection. John Lambert, Jr., has a delightful portrait, which he calls "The Mirror," and Freer's "Sympathy," which was seen in New York last spring, is here. Miss Dickson makes a picture of her portrait, "Mistletoe." It is charmingly done in the low mistletoe colors, subdued browns and whites—a thoughtful, graceful figure, but not a sentimental one. Carl Newman's impressionistic portraits have dash enough about them, and style. They are effective, too, in color and arrangement. His nude girl with the firelight playing upon her is an admirable study. Mrs. Macmonnies sends some out-of-door nudes, which are treated with great dexterity and delicacy. And there is an exquisite delicacy in Curran's shadowy, winged figure called "The Silent Night."

Alexander Harrison's "Tunny Fish-boats" shows a mood of the sea which is new to him—a particularly sane mood, clear and fresh and fine. It is one of the most beautiful things that has come

from him. His "Quiet Waters," with its pink clouds, is more like others that he has painted; and his "River, Grez" suggests the loveliness and peace of some of Thanlow's waters. The landscapes this year are of comparatively little importance. The best of them are Lungren's "Afterglow," with its yellow mesquite bushes; a strange study of autumn colors in Provence by Orville Root; some of Bisbing's fine cattle, two by Barnard, and some deep, rich, mellow little landscapes by Frederick B. Williams. A few Venetian studies by Frank Holman have a certain witchery, and Needham sends a nice little sketch of a city park. It is as different as anything could be from Glacken's "Garden of the Luxembourg," an original and clever thing. And one of the most delightful pictures in the collection is Henry G. Fangel's "Evening," a peasant girl on the bank of a stream.

In sculpture the notable things are Kitson's bust of Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, which, in spite of its accessories, is not majestic; A. Phimister Proctor's animals, and Bessie Potter's statuettes. One of these, the "Lady with Cloak," is thoroughly charming, while the portrait of Susan B. Anthony shows a rich beauty of character. Miss Potter is gaining insight every day, and her work is well worth watching. Her larger "Spirit of the Water" is skilfully modelled, but not quite poetic. Yet, some day she may arrive there, too.

CHICAGO, 27 Oct. 1896.

LUCY MONROE.

Education

AT A MEETING of the Overseers of Harvard, on Oct. 28, it was voted that, in the judgment of the Board, every candidate for admission to the undergraduate departments should give evidence that he can write English with such neatness and skill in penmanship, correctness in spelling and grammar and facility of expression as will enable him to enter, without further elementary instruction, on the elective studies to which he proposes to devote himself, including the more advanced courses in English composition, and that the Faculty be requested to press steadily toward the attainment of this end.

A series of Johns Hopkins University Studies in History and Politics has just been announced. It will include articles on "The Financial History of Baltimore," "State Banking in Maryland," "The History of the B. & O. R. R.," "The South American Trade of Baltimore," "The Street Railway System of Philadelphia," "Finances of the City of Washington," "History and Theory of Trusts" and "Japanese Paper Currency."

By the will of the late Mr. P. B. O'Brien of New Orleans, the Catholic University at Washington is to receive \$150,000, for the endowment of three chairs.

Dr. Henry Newell Martin, who died at Burley, England, on Oct. 29, was born at Newry, Ireland, 1 July 1848. He studied at the University of London, and at Christ College, Cambridge. At the opening of Johns Hopkins University, in 1876, Huxley recommended him strongly for the chair of biology, which was offered to him in consequence. He held the professorship till 1893, when he resigned on account of ill-health. In 1883 he delivered the Croonian Lecture before the Royal Society. He assisted in preparing Huxley's "Elementary Biology," and published "The Human Body," "Variations of Temperature and the Heat of a Dog's Heart," and a "Handbook of Vertebrate Dissection"—the latter in collaboration with W. A. Moale.

Dr. William Morgan Campion, President of Queen's College, Cambridge, died on Oct. 20. In 1864 he published "Nature and Grace: Sermons Preached in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, Cambridge."

François Félix Tisserand, the astronomer and member of the Institute, who died in Paris on Oct. 20, was born on 15 Jan. 1845. He was made Director of the Observatory and Professor of Astronomy at Toulouse in 1873, and Director of the Paris observatory on 5 Aug. 1892. He wrote a number of astronomical works.

The number of volumes circulated by the free libraries of this city during the year is estimated at 1,500,000. Yet last year these institutions received only \$65,000 from the city treasury. The maximum amount allowed by law is ten cents for each volume circulated; the appropriations made hitherto have been invariably inadequate. In 1895, the Boston Public Library, with a circulation of about 850,000, received from the city \$175,000; the Chicago Public Library, with a circulation of 1,150,000, \$124,000; the St. Louis, with a circulation of 331,000, \$60,000; the Milwaukee, 284,000, \$36,000, and the Cleveland, 595,000, \$60,000. We

respectfully call the attention of the Board of Apportionment to these figures, and to the importance of the free library in popular education.

"Permit me," writes L. E. O. from Bar Harbor, "to correct an error recently copied in your interesting columns, to the effect that President Seth Low is the only college graduate among 'the philanthropists' [named in *The Critic*] who have given at least a million dollars to the cause of higher education in this country." The late Leonard Case of Cleveland, founder of the Case School of Applied Science, was graduated from Yale College in 1842."

Mr. W. S. Stratton, the mine-owner of Colorado Springs, recently bet \$100,000 to \$300,000 on Mr. Bryan's election, the latter sum to be paid to the Colorado Springs Free Library if he should win it. The Library would undoubtedly have used this princely addition to its funds to good advantage.

Notes

MESSRS. Harper & Bros. will publish, about Nov. 30, "George Washington," by Prof. Woodrow Wilson, with illustrations by Howard Pyle and others; "The Relation of Literature to Life," five papers by Charles Dudley Warner; "The Mystery of Sleep," by John Bigelow; "The Ship's Company and Other Sea People," by J. D. Jerrold Kelley, Lieutenant-Commander U. S. N., with many illustrations; "Naval Actions of the War of 1812," by James Barnes, with 21 full-page colored illustrations by Carlton T. Chapman; "Frances Waldeaux," a novel, by Rebecca Harding Davis, illustrated by T. de Thulstrup; "Bound in Shallows," a novel, by Eva Wilder Brodhead, illustrated by W. A. Rogers; "Tomalyn's Quest," a novel, by G. B. Burgin; "A Virginia Cavalier," by Molly Elliott Seawell; "An Elephant's Track, and Other Stories," by M. E. M. Davis; "The Square of Sevens": an authoritative system of cartomancy, with a prefatory notice by E. Irenæus Stevenson; "Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets, and Other Tales," by Ruth McEnery Stuart; "In the Old Herick House, and Other Stories," by Ellen Douglas Deland; and the bound volume of *Harper's Round Table* for 1896.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. have nearly ready "The Gospel in Brief," harmonized and translated by Count Tolstol, being a summary of the larger work; and "The Bible as Literature," by Prof. Richard G. Moulton, Dr. A. B. Bruce, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, J. M. Whiton, Ph.D., Prof. John F. Genung, Dr. W. E. Griffis, Prof. L. W. Patten, Prof. Albert P. Cook and others.

The Macmillan Co. announces "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," by Prof. Goldwin Smith. The titles of some of the papers, after that which lends its title to the book, are "The Church and the Old Testament," "Is There Another Life?" "The Miraculous Element in Christianity" and "Morality and Theism." The title-paper is a discussion of a number of recent books, including Drummond's "Ascent of Man," Kidd's "Social Evolution" and Mr. Balfour's well-known work on the foundations of religious belief.

Messrs. Way & Williams will publish on Nov. 15 Mr. William Allen White's book of Kansas stories, "The Real Issue." Mr. White's editorial, "What's Wrong with Kansas," in his paper, the *Emporia (Kans.) Gazette*, was used as a campaign document, and introduced him to a large circle of readers.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons will soon publish "Ancient Ideals: A Study of Intellectual and Spiritual Growth, from Early Times to the Establishment of Christianity," by Mr. Henry Osborn Taylor. The author has endeavored to preserve a unity of plan in setting forth the part played by each race in the human drama. He has sought to make clear the nature of the contribution made by each to the stages of human growth reached before the Christian era, and to indicate in what respect these contributions became permanent elements of humanity, and thus elements of its further possibilities, which, he argues, find in Christianity the most perfect conditions for their final realization.

Cardinal Gibbons is finishing a work on "The Ambassador of Christ," on which he has been engaged for several years.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day "Dred, and Other Anti-Slavery Tales and Papers" (2 vols.) and "Stories, Sketches and Studies," in the new Riverside Edition of the works of Harriet Beecher Stowe; "Authors and Friends," by Mrs. James T. Fields; "Mere Literature, and Other Essays," by Prof. Woodrow Wilson; "Friendly Letters to Girl Friends," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney; and "A Second Century of Charades," by William Bellamy.

The Aldine Club gave a dinner on Thursday evening to Mr. James M. Barrie and Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll. When *The Critic* went to press the list of speakers included (besides the guests of honor) Messrs. T. B. Aldrich, J. K. Bangs, G. W. Cable, W. D. Howells, H. W. Mabie, T. N. Page, C. D. Warner and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Mr. Mabie presided.

Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son will be the American publishers of "Meissonier: His Life and His Art," by Vallery C. O. Gréard of the French Academy, with full-page illustrations in photogravure and in color, and illustrations in the text.

Messrs. George H. Richmond & Co. announce a translation of "The Triumph of Death," by Gabriele D'Annunzio, with an etched portrait of the author.

The only short story that the late Mr. du Maurier ever wrote is being printed in the London *Maggie*. The tale is said to be an early production, and there is a suspicion abroad that it is one of those "early productions" of famous writers which they themselves would fain suppress.

"The Itinerant House, and Other Stories," by Emma Frances Dawson, will be published early this month by Mr. William Doherty of San Francisco.

Messrs. Henry T. Coates & Co. of Philadelphia announce for immediate publication "Fire-side Stories Old and New," collected by Henry T. Coates, in three volumes; and "American Genealogies in Book Form," by T. Allen Glenn.

Still another dictionary. Messrs. W. & R. Chambers of London are about to begin the serial publication of a new English Dictionary. The project has been long under preparation, and the work is intended to be in every sense complete. Besides the ordinary vocabulary there will be given explanations of scientific and other technical terms of an unfamiliar character, slang and obsolete words.

A book by Father Kneipp on the care of children in sickness and health is being brought out in England.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll tells *The Bookman* that Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. are about to publish a new edition of Thackeray, with an introduction to each volume by his daughter, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie. It is well known that Thackeray objected to having his biography written, and it is safe to believe that his daughter will carry out his wishes. At the same time, she can give reminiscences of her father and accounts of how he wrote each book, after the manner of the introductions contributed by Charles Dickens, Jr., to the recent edition of his father's works.

Mr. Whistler is preparing a new edition of his famous book, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." It is to be enlarged to such an extent that it will be virtually a new book.

The first part of the "List of Private Libraries," compiled by Mr. G. Hedeler of Leipzig, will be ready in December. It will include more than 500 important private collections of the United States and Canada. The second part will include about the same number of considerable private libraries in Great Britain.

The price of "The Natives of Sarawak and British North Borneo," by H. Ling Roth (New York: Truslove & Combs), was given as \$30 in our list of Publications Received on Oct. 17. This should be \$15.

Dr. F. W. Eastlake, who has lived in Japan for fourteen years and is the author of "First Century of the Church in Japan," "Japanese Fairy Tales" and other books, has nearly ready a history of the late Chino-Japanese war, which will appear under the title of "Heroic Japan."

Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts has written a novel of Canadian life called "The Forge in the Forest," which will be published by Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. before the holidays.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's sister, Mrs. F. Ryland, has written three plays for children, which Messrs. Dent will publish very shortly. Full directions as to scenery and dresses will be given.

Mrs. Mary Catherine Lee's Nantucket story, "An Island Plant," which was published in *The Atlantic Monthly* three years ago, has been issued in an attractive little volume by the Goldenrod Literary and Debating Society of Nantucket, with several illustrations by Miss Sara Winthrop Smith, who has made the island her home for several years past.

Mr. L. F. Austin has gathered together his literary essays under the title of "At Random." They will be published in book-form by Messrs. Ward & Lock. We believe that most of these essays have appeared in the columns of *The Sketch*.


Publications Received

Barrie, J. M. *Sentimental Tommy*. \$1.50.
 Captain Cook's Voyages Round the World. Introduction by M. B. Sange.
 Crawford, F. Marion. *Taquisara*. 2 vols. \$2.
 Drinkwater, Jennie. *Dolly French's Household*. \$1.25.
 Egan, M. F. *The Vocation of Edward Conway*.
 Everett-Green, E. *Olive Roscoe*.
 Flake, John. *The American Revolution*. 2 vols.
 Gotthall, Gustav. *Sun and Shield*. \$1.50.
 Harte, Bret. *Barker's Luck*. \$1.25.
 Hatfield, J. T. *Materials for German Composition*. 2c.
 Jewett, Sarah O. *The Country of the Pointed Firs*. \$1.25.
 King, Charles. *A Garrison Tangle*.
 Kops, F. P. *Bohemian Legends, and Other Poems*. 50c.
 Lang, Andrew. *The Animal Story Book*. \$2.

Charles Scribner's Sons.
 T. Nelson & Sons.
 Macmillan Co.
 Philadelphia: A. J. Rowland.
 Benziger Bros.
 T. Nelson & Sons.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Brentano's.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 D. C. Heath & Co.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 F. Tennyson Neely.
 W. R. Jenkins.
 Longmans, Green & Co.

Le Baron, Grace. *The Rosebud Club*. 75c.
 Locke, Clifton. *The Age of the Great Western Schism*.
 VIII.
 Märchen und Erzählungen. Ed. by H. A. Guerber. 65c.
 Mason, C. A. *The Quiet King*. \$1.50.
 Merriam, Florence A. *A Birding on a Bronco*. \$1.25.
 More Nonsense for the Same Bodies as Before. Written and illus. by A. Nobody.
 London: Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.
 Morrison, Arthur. *A Child of the Jago*. \$1.50.
 Moulton, F. P. *Preparatory Latin Composition*.
 Phelps, Elizabeth S. *Chapters from a Life*. \$1.50.
 Pool, Maria Louise. *In Runcombe County*. \$1.25.
 Riley, James Whitcomb. *A Child-World*.
 Shirley, Penn. *The Merry Five*. 75c.
 Sloane, William M. *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*. Vol. I. \$7.
 Thomson, Arthur. *A Handbook of Anatomy for Art Students*. \$5.
 Thompson, E. E. *Studies in the Art Anatomy of Animals*. \$10.
 Thoreau, Henry D. *Cape Cod*. 2 vols. \$5.

Lee & Shepard.
 Ed. by John Fulton. Vol.
 Christian Literature Co.
 D. C. Heath & Co.
 Amer. Baptist Pub. Soc.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Herbert S. Stone & Co.
 Ginn & Co.
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